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Holt County Sentinel.

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Professional Cards.

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in North-West Missouri and Kansas.
OFFICE—In the Court House, n1-ly

DR. C. S. MEEK,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention day or night, except when professionally engaged.
OFFICE—At Residence, n46m

Drs. Harris & Youmans,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FOREST CITY, MO.

TENDER their professional services to the citizens of Forest City and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
n8 5m

J. S. BUMPS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—At Peter's Drug Store,
OREGON, MISSOURI.

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
n2-ly

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.,

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence, n6 1f

T. W. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.

OFFICE—In Brick Block, Northwest corner Public Square.
WILL practice in the courts of Holt and adjoining counties.
n1-ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.

OFFICE—Southeast room in court house.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
n1-ly

Zook & VanBaskirk,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Real Estate, Claim Agents, and Conveyancers,
OREGON, MISSOURI.

WILL give special attention to the collection of Claims, the sale of lands, the payment of Taxes for non-Residents, and the Redemption of Delinquent Lands for Northwest Mo.
OFFICE—over the store of Cottrell, Keever, & Co., North-West corner Public Square.
n1-ly

HOLME & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Saddles, Harness,
Leather, Hides, Trunks, Valises,
etc., etc.,
No. 83 Second St., Nearly opposite Post Office,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
n7 5m

Samuel Watson & Sons,
Manufacturers of
Cassimers, Satinets, Jeans, Blankets, Flannels, Linseys, Yarns,
OREGON, MO.

Roll Carding, Fulling, Coloring, and Dressing done to order.
n2 1y

A SHORT HISTORY.

Jefferson D.
He
Is of a First Families.
His and his
Could whip any three
Or five Yankee
Chaps you see.
He—ho—be—
(Pardon its frequency)
Would rule land and sea,
And make all men free—
In fact, very free,
Except the darkee;
Or, falling in that idea,
Would in last ditch (quoting Annie Laurie)
Lay him down and die!
By and by, he
(D.)
Would set the "nig" free,
Provided he
Would shoulder a fusée
And help Lee
To fight for slavery—
Which he ("nig") couldn't see
Pace tempo Grant, he
Used up Lee;
When D.
Concluded to flee
With his specie,
'Twas foot against chivalry—
Or horse against mule, or ass, may be.
Of the three,
Which would be winner.
Down on the Omulgee
They caught the old slaver.
He was caught in petti—
How do you suppose?
Up a tree?
Why no: in woman's clothes!
He! he! he!
J. D.
In his extremity
Flourished his Bowie
Tremendously;
And Mrs. D.,
She—
With "nothing to wear," you see—
As she
(Afore said D.)
Had on her hoops, and she—
Told the regiment "to be
Careful how they provoked the
President, or he,
In his fury
Might hurt somebody!"—
Cut—her hearts out—dye see!
Finally,
He and she,
Or, rather, she and he,
Or she or he
(The matter is mixed slightly,
As to which wears the bree—)
Whichever it may be,
Bowed the knee
To grim necessity
And the Fourth Michigan Cavalry
And said "Pecconi!"
Dear me!
Is this the wee
Small end of "Chivalry?"
Fiddle-de-dee! —Boston Herald.

Notwithstanding all these ghostly vagaries, the ship arrived safely at the destined end of her voyage, which was one of the South American rivers under the line. The captain proposed to go in his boat to a town some distance up the river, leaving his ship in charge of his brother-in-law. The latter said he would anchor her opposite to an island in the river, where he could go on shore at night, and yet be on hand to keep guard upon her; but nothing should tempt him to sleep on board. The crew all swore the same. The captain could not reasonably object to such an arrangement; so the ship was anchored opposite to the island, and the captain departed on his expedition.

For a time all went well; the brother-in-law and his sagacious comrades regularly abandoned the ship at nightfall, and slept on shore; the ghosts then took command and the ship remained as quietly at anchor as though she had been manned by living bodies instead of hobgoblin spirits. One night, however, the captain's brother-in-law was awakened by a tremendous storm. He hastened to the shore. The sea was lashed up in foaming surges; the rain came down in torrents—the lightning flashed—the thunder bellowed. It was one of those sudden tempests only known at the tropics. The captain's brother-in-law cast a rueful look at the poor tossing and laboring ship. He saw numbers of uncouth beings busy about her, who were only to be described by the flashes of lightning, or by pale fires that glided about the rigging; he heard occasionally the piping of a boatswain's whistle, or the bellowing of a hoarse voice through a speaking trumpet. The ghosts were evidently trying to save the ship; but a tropical storm is some times an overmatch for ghost, or goblin, or even the — himself. In a word the ship started her cables, drove before the wind, rounded on the rocks, and there she lay her bones.

When the captain returned from his expedition up the river, he found his late gallant vessel a mere bulk; and received this wonderful account of her fate from his sagacious brother-in-law. Whether the wreck continued to be haunted or not, he could not inform me, and I forgot to ask whether the owners recovered anything from the underwriters, who rarely insure against accident, from ghosts.

Such is one of the nearest chances I have ever had of getting to the fountain head of a ghost story. I have often since regretted that the captain should have been so sound a sleeper, and that I did not see his brother-in-law.

A Cow—All brutes are cowards. Wertz, Andersonville could stave soldiers to skeletons, and then walk about their unarméd ranks, shooting them down like dogs, at Washington corner I like a whipped spaniel in the presence of the court, and hardly dares to look his own counsel in the eye. On Monday two soldiers drew near from curiosity to see the villain, when he clutched the guard frantically, and exclaimed that they were about to assassinate him. What a terrible thing is a guilty conscience! The pale ghosts of murdered brave who died at Andersonville, must make the cell in which Wertz cowers at night awful as Tartarus.

SOME people always have their mouths open and their minds shut.

The ship was taken possession of by the finders, and brought to Boston, in New England; but the sailors who navigated her to port declared they would not make such another voyage for all the wealth of Peru. They had been harassed the whole way by the ghosts of the murdered crew; who at night would come up out of the companion-way and the fore-castle, run up the shrouds, station themselves on the yards and at the mastheads, and appear to perform all the duties of the ship.

As no harm had resulted from this ghostly steamship, the story was treated lightly, and the vessel was fitted out for another voyage; but when ready for sea no sailors could be got to embark in her. She lay for some time in Boston harbor, regarded by the superstitious seamen as a fated ship; and there she might have rotted, had not the worthy captain who related to me the story, undertaken to command her. He succeeded in getting some hardy tars, who stood less in awe of ghosts, to accompany him, and his brother-in-law sailed with him as chief mate.

When they got fairly to sea, the hobgoblin crew began to play their pranks. At night there would be the deuce to pay in the hold; such racketing and rum-maging, as if the whole cargo was overhauled, bales tumbled about, and boxes broken open; and sometimes it seemed as if all the ballast was shifted from side to side. All this was heard with dismay by the sailors, and even the captain's brother-in-law, who appears to have been a very sagacious man, was exceedingly troubled at it. As to the captain himself, he honestly confessed to me that he never saw nor heard anything; but then he slept soundly, and when once asleep, was hard to be awakened.

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Fenian Brotherhood.

The Fenians, through their committee, have made an appeal to the generosity of American capital, to supply the Brotherhood with means to secure the independence of Ireland. No American can help sympathizing with a people who are struggling to recover their lost liberties, and are always ready with their money and their muscle to rescue a just cause from disaster.

But a revolution, in however just a cause, becomes criminal, unless a fair probability of success shall promise results to overbalance the commercial prostration and wholesale slaughter consequent upon the struggle.

What are the probabilities in favor of Irish independence? England is at peace with all the world, and her military resources are such that she could blockade the island with her fleet, and overrun the interior with an army, against which a united Ireland must yield or die.

The revolution of '48 is too fresh in our memory to hope for a different result in the conflict which the Fenians are determined to precipitate. Ireland divided by personal animosities and disheartened by past failures, cannot now be relied upon to give physical force to the patriotic resolutions of the Fenian Brotherhood. England has her emissaries all over the island, and cannot be ignorant of the measures adopted to secure its independence; and the first attempt to re-establish Irish nationality, will be signalled by a massacre more terrible than that which made the streets of Limerick red with the blood of her slaughtered sons. The time may come when Irish independence will be within the range of possibilities. When the English navy shall ride again at Trafalgar, and her armies are battling for the mastery at Waterloo; when Irish Catholics shall swear at the same altar with Irish Protestants, and the divided sentiment of her people shall be united by the greatness of their contemplated sacrifice, the friends of Irish independence on this side of the Atlantic may become a powerful auxiliary to a revolution that offers a probability of success. But Irish independence cannot be won on this side of the Atlantic; the great work must be accomplished there. The centralization of the moral sentiments of the people; the arming and organization of the military power of the island, are works to be accomplished by time and opportunity, neither of which is possible to Ireland in the present peaceful state of European affairs.

If the Fenians shall fulfill their pledges to the country by precipitating a revolution within the next six months, they must be held responsible for the utter prostration that will follow a hopeless revolution. Their work is to organize and combine, and wait for time and events to restore the lost nationality of their people. When that time shall have arrived, and a fair probability of success renders a resort to arms justifiable, the American people will not be slow to return the assistance which Irishmen have given in this, our last struggle for the rights of man.—Leavenworth Bulletin.

A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chestnuts. Dominie was about to administer, ex-cathedra, a sharp and stringent reprimand for his flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice: "You mind your preaching, daddy, and I'll keep them awake!"

SCARCE ARTICLES.—A parson who practices all he professes.
A beauty who never feels proud when she is dressed.
A lawyer whose courage is always defiant.
A skillful physician regardless of self.
A staunch politician forgetful of self.
A sour old bachelor, neatly arrayed.
Last, though not rarest, a cheerful old maid.

THE other day several gentlemen were discussing the alarming prevalence of the crime of wife desertion—women eloping with other men—when a Teuton, who had been listening with great attention, stepped up, and in an excited manner said: "If my wife runs away with another man's wife, I will shake him out her preaches, if she been my own fader."

NEW YORKER.

Stern Wheel Preachers.

The reader is ready to inquire what sort of a preacher is a stern-wheel preacher? He is one who went into the rebellion with side wheels and double engines, chafing and fretting, and boasting and blowing that the South would achieve her independence, dressed in fine cloth, and sporting their huge whiskers. He comes out with a shattered stern-wheel and a one-horse engine, dressed in a grey home-spun, asking to be allowed to take the amnesty oath, as a means of saving his property, and coolly saying that he never took any part in trying to break up this government. Their treason-fostered hearts constitute the safety valves of their shattered crafts, and their record is their whistle, to ferment and keep alive the troubles of the State!

Since peace has been declared, these stern-wheel preachers, with uplifted eyes, elongated faces, deep sepulchral tones, and raised hands, pollute God's altars with their presence, where the recollection of treason and murder they have contributed to bring about, sway their guilty souls and set the tune to their hymns of praise! These canting hypocrites now propose to preach to Union men the religion of Jesus Christ—the religion of the Prince of Peace.

When one of these stern-wheel preachers rises to address you, he cannot conceal the wolf by his prayers, for you will not be able to learn from what he says that there is a United States Government. And the poison of the *Upas Tree* is the drippings of the sanctuary where he holds forth. These villains are responsible for more of the misery and blood-shed we have passed through than any other set of traitors out of hell!—[Knoxville Whig.]

A New Yorker's Opinion of Missouri.

The following communication to the *Mexico (Mo.) Beacon*, appears in its issue of the 1st inst., and is from the pen of an eastern gentleman who will soon take up his abode in Audrain county. Our State is deserving the flattering notice it receives at his hands, and we are pleased to note that hosts of "down-easters," and others of equal worth and enterprise, are rapidly adding to our population, and unfolding the many advantages our State possesses:

MEXICO, Mo., August 21.
EDITOR BEACON: Before departing for my native State, allow me, in a brief but deserving tribute, to express the lofty opinion I entertain, and the interest felt in the East for Missouri.

A somewhat extended tour throughout the State, confirms the exalted estimate I had previously entertained of its great resources. Its salubrious climate, fertile soil and excellent commercial facilities, are unequalled. Her central position amid her sister States, gives her a commanding influence over them all. Across her territory is the route of transit for all the intercourse between the Atlantic and the Pacific States. I find her people, after all the devastations of a bloody, internecine war, prosperous, contented, happy; returning with avidity to the pursuits of civil life, and actuated by a spirit of enterprise and energy, encouraged and strengthened by the severe trials through which she has passed, and the great change wrought out. With Missouri, true to her own real interests, there is not a hindering obstacle to her rapid but sublime march to the acme of greatness. Unquestionably, she is the *Eden* of this Republic, the *Italy* of the Western hemisphere, and the period is not remote when smiling hamlets will grace your broad prairies in every quarter; when palatial residences, surrounded with fertile acres teeming with their golden produce, and gardens and vineyards groaning under their oppressive load of luscious fruits, will gladden the eyes of every beholder; when institutions of learning shall everywhere abound; when churches, with their innumerable cloud-kissed spires shall sparkle in the glad sunlight all over the land, and when this beautiful State shall become the cheerful home of ten millions of happy people.

Wisely have the people buried the hatchet of sectional difference, and forgotten the bitter animosities of the past. The cordial and truly courteous greeting extended to Eastern men, gives additional assurance of what Missouri is to be, and will materially accelerate her days of glory and power. It is only to be hoped that Eastern people will appreciate the fraternal spirit and emulate the laudable example.

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NEW YORKER.

A Southern Recollection of the Battle of Spottsylvania.

SPOTTSVYLVANIA.—Ghastliest of all ghastly sights upon this bloody field are the skeletons of dead men broadcast over the land—the nation's seed planted willingly for a glorious harvest of Union and peace—but never covered from sight. Within a circle of one hundred and fifty yards, where an unsuccessful assault was made upon the enemy's works, I counted fifty skulls, polished by time, reflecting grimly in the rays of the sun, as they fell carelessly upon the last memorial of man. That these so remained was doubtless due to the fact that both armies moved away immediately after fighting and have never occupied the spot. But what must be thought of the farmers who left those dreadful souvenirs lie on the ground. I saw one ploughing on the same field where lay a skeleton, and he coolly told me that when he came to it he supposed he would bury it.

Well do we remember the "unsuccessful assault" referred to in the above. All that human ingenuity could invent or desperate gallantry could accomplish, were brought to bear upon the southern line of entrenchments on that field. The Federal columns were hurled forward with the might of an avalanche until the shock was so great that the very earth trembled. A livid sheet of flame belched forth from right to left like a wall of fire. Ten or twelve desperate assaults were made upon different parts of Gen. Lee's line, all of which were resisted successfully. More conspicuous gallantry than was there exhibited by the Federal troops, the world's history will never record; and if those deeds of valor proved unavailing then and there, it was no fault of theirs, but that they were confronted by men of prowess not less dauntless than their own. There are men hereabouts who will forever entertain a lively recollection of Spottsylvania and the terrible struggle for mastery there. No battle of that fearful campaign, beginning at the "Wilderness," is fraught with scenes more stirring than this one. Like two giants, the two armies, than which no more formidable will ever again be marshalled on this continent, met in mortal conflict, and the best blood of our land ebbed in that crimson tide.

An Aerial Voyage.

A Paris correspondent writes: The aerial vessel invented by M. Delamarne bids fair to realize the anticipations we were led to entertain as to the successful application of the vertical helm in controlling the currents of wind by which the courses of balloons have hitherto been guided. The vessel rose to a height of one thousand five hundred yards, and then took a course due south. M. Delamarne, who acted as helmsman, steered the vessel in an opposite direction, and it accordingly sailed direct for Vincennes. To prove her obedience to the helm, M. Delamarne then took a northerly route. At the request of the passengers, without touching the safety-valve, and simply by using the helm, he descended near Nogent, and floated for some time so close to the earth that the passengers spoke with some of the people who had assembled on the banks of the Marne to witness this strange sight. The vessel then rose to the height of 4500 yards, and, although caught by two contrary currents of air, M. Delamarne, by his management of the helm, prevented the rotary motion usually experienced in all balloon travelling. At twenty minutes past seven the passengers witnessed a glorious sunset, the magnificent effect of which in cloud-land appears to have defied all attempts at description. At night they were sailing over Choisy, when the air became so rarefied that they lowered the vessel and sailed towards Lanane, when they lost themselves in cloud banks, and the guide rope and some ballast were thrown out. The vessel then rose still higher, and after a sale of an hour and a half in azure space, they decided in descending in the neighborhood of Choisy, which M. Delamarne accomplished without the slightest difficulty, and his passengers alighted on *terra firma* as easily as if they had stepped out of an express train. Two results are evident: By the horizontal helm placed at the stern of the vessel, it ascends and descends as the helmsman pleases; and by means of the *helic* placed at each side, combined with the action of the helm, a horizontal course is obtained.

Epitaph on a crossing sweeper: He returned to dust.

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